

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1913

NUMBER 14



DR. ROBERT COLLYER

UNITARIAN MINISTER OF CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

Born in Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823.

Died in New York, November 30, 1912.

Tender, Trusty, and True.

A Message from Dr. Collyer to Children.

I can remember, when I was in the Sunday school and had just begun to read about David, that I did not feel sure he ever was a real little boy that went to school as I did, and played marbles, and had to knuckle down, and had a peg-top, a jack-knife, some slate pencils, ever so many buttons, and a piece of string, all in one pocket; that he ever had to try hard not to cry when he went to school very cold mornings; or that the teacher spoke sharp to him when the little chap had tried his best to get his lesson, and did not get it very well. But you know ministers have got to find out all about such men as David; and I have found out enough to make me feel sure he was once a little boy, just like one of you, and had to get verses, like you, and didn't like it, like you, or to get up early, like you. I rather fear that in the summer he ate green apples, unripe melons, hard peaches, and sour plums, as you do; and got sick, and was very sorry and had to take medicine, as you do; and

said he would never do it again; and then I believe he never did do it again, after he promised not to; which I hope is like you also. Now, just here, I was trying to see what sort of boy David was when he grew bigger; and, as I shut my eyes, and so tried to see it all clear, I heard a noise right under my study-window. This was about four o'clock, Friday afternoon: the schools were out, and the children running home. I turned my head to see what was the matter, and then I saw what I want to tell you. About ten boys were standing together. All at once a big boy knocked a little boy down, and rolled him in the snow. The little boy got up and said, "What did you do that for?" Then the big one drew off, as if he was going to do it again, and I believe he would have done it as bad before, but the small boy walked sobbing away towards home.

"There," I said, when I had seen that, "I know what David never did do, he never struck a boy that was no match for him, he never was a coward like that; for he is a coward to strike a small boy so; and those others are not the boys they ought to be, to stand by and see it done."

From "Where the Light Dwelleth."

To Robert Collyer.

You are so human: here's the central fact
Of which your life and speech are all compact.
All things that touch the simple, common
heart,—
These have you chosen—these, the better
part!
You are so human, feeling, thought, and act.

And yet the other things you know as well,
And love almost as much: the wondrous spell
That nature weaves in grasses, trees,
and flowers;
The doings of the busy, tireless hours;
What the birds know and what they some-
times tell.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Look over the list of the world's failures
and see why Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon
came each to such an untimely and vulgar
end! Had they added religion to their
attainments and their conquests, what em-
pires of welfare would they not hold in fee.
Without it the greatest man is a failure.
With it the smallest is a triumph.

THEODORE PARKER.

The Old Songs.

BY EFFIE RAVENSCROFT.

In Three Parts.

Part I.

Patty entered the living-room of the bungalow somewhat after the manner of a combined whirlwind and dancing sunbeam.

"Mother! O mother!" she exclaimed. "The girls!"

"Patty!" interrupted her mother, with reproof in her tone, but a contradictory smile upon her face. "Subside, if you can." Then, when her daughter made a valiant and visible effort to obey, she went on, "Now what is this wonderful thing that the wonderful girls have done this time?"

"Why, mother, they're going to get up a mandolin and guitar club, just the girls here on the Arroyo, you know."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Sutherland, till smiling. "What gave them that brilliant idea so suddenly? And I didn't know that any one except you played the mandolin or that any one except Sara Hubbard essayed the guitar."

"Well, it just so happens, Mrs. Sutherland," said Patty, with much dignity, "that the gentleman who has recently moved into the bungalow at the end of this avenue was a very eminent teacher of stringed instruments back in the East. Sara Hubbard's brother wrote her so from Princeton. He said the professor turned out the best club that the university ever had. That gave Sara the idea. He is an old man now, and he has come to California for the climate and the birds and flowers. He won't take any heavy instructing, but he said he would be delighted to instruct a class of us girls."

"And, oh, mother!" (Patty's dignity had gradually dwindled away), "he'll take us for a dollar a week each—three lessons! And we'll be the crack club of Los Angeles with such an instructor,—there'll be nothing like us! The Eudowood Club will hide its head in shame. And just think how I'll be able to play when I go East to college! I'll be a surprise, too, because Sara's brother says there really are plenty of people who still think that we Angelenos are only half-civilized."

Patty stopped. The almost quivering eagerness left her face as abruptly as if some one had wiped it out with a hand. For a shadow had come into Mrs. Sutherland's face,—a faint but perceptible gloom. Patty knew what that meant. That shadow had hovered over them ever since she could remember, although it had grown dimmer and dimmer in the last few years.

Mrs. Sutherland both felt and saw that instant blotting out of the brightness in the girl's face, and a lump came into her throat.

"I am sure, daughter," she said, "that we shall be able to manage this pleasure for you. A dollar a week isn't much, you know."

But the trouble did not leave Patty's countenance.

"But there'll be the music, too," she said. "And it will probably be expensive music, all the latest. And I'm going East to college in September, you know. And there'll be my clothes."

Patty's mother took a firm grip upon herself.

"Your clothes will not be a heavy expense, daughter," she said. "I'll make most of them myself, and there'll be very few. That

is something that I've been intending to talk over with you."

The woe in Patty's face increased. Going East to a famous college with no clothes to speak of,—certainly the world was becoming blacker every moment! She turned in the window-seat and stared out at the ever-blooming roses. Distress in an old face is sad enough, but in a sixteen-year-old face, and that face her only daughter's—Mrs. Sutherland could not bear it! She seized the opportunity presented by Patty's turned back and slipped softly from the room. She knew that something or somebody outside would in due time attract Patty's attention, and in the meantime she herself would have time to think over the momentous matter of the Arroyo Mandolin and Guitar Club.

To California, as to a promised land, Dr. Sutherland and his wife and small son had fled seventeen years before, when told that he must get away from the rigorous winters of Illinois or die. He had waited too long, and he had expected to live only a year or two. But he had lived and had waxed strong and healthy. But he had not waxed wealthy, as had nearly everyone else who had been for the same period in that land of wonderful development. He was a gentleman and a scholar, but he was, apparently, neither a financier nor a manager. Where others had grown immensely wealthy, he had just managed to make ends meet. But—and this counts for much—his family had been absolutely well and happy nearly every minute of those seventeen years.

One thing he had done. He had invested, by small degrees, in a large lot on the Arroyo Seco, then an uncleared and almost uninhabited section about five miles out from Los Angeles proper. And, lo and behold! the Arroyo Seco section, bordering as it does, on a wildly beautiful canyon, found favor in the eyes of some discerning people from the East. Because of its location it is bound to remain typically Californian when all the rest of Los Angeles has become conventionalized. Therefore, the Easterners bought there and built bungalows and then wrote home and invited their friends to come on and do likewise, an invitation which was for the most part promptly accepted.

And Dr. Sutherland did not sell his holdings at an immense profit, as he might then have done. If the Arroyo Seco were the best in Los Angeles, then it was the proper home for his adored wife and daughter. So he gave his lot for security and had constructed a thoroughly admirable bungalow. And since that time he had been straining every nerve to keep up the large payments on the home. In a comparatively short time now he would reach his goal. His wife and daughter would have, unencumbered, a very valuable property. But in the meantime all small things that cost money would have to be sacrificed. When it came to the really big things,—well, they would be managed. He had done well by his only son and has sent him out into the world well equipped. And it would be the same with Patty.

Patty herself had been born in Los Angeles and knew no other land than "Sunny California." So when, by reason of the developments on the Arroyo Seco, California,

Patty found herself in a colony of girls from all sections of the East, they were a source of unending delight to her. The East and its ways became as much a dreamland to her as the West had been to them. And it was because they wished her to see this wonderland that her parents had planned, with what financial straining she did not dream, to let her have one year at least in an Eastern college. Pennies had always been scarce commodities with Patty; but, when it came to substantial advantages, the way was always found. Nevertheless, since the advent of "the girls," Patty had found exceedingly painful some of the small economies she was compelled to practise. She had many moments when she would have exchanged those "substantial advantages" of the future for the small delights of the present, when she wished with all her heart that "daddy" had sold his valuable property.

"Daddy says," announced Mrs. Sutherland that evening, as soon as Patty had joined them at the cheery supper-table in the living-room, "that you may join that wonderful institution, the 'Arroyo Guitar and Mandolin Club.'"

Patty's eyes expanded with delight, to the mother's intense pleasure and amusement.

"O daddy! Did you?" she exclaimed. And, when he nodded assent, "O mother! Mayn't I waive my manners and get up and give him just one hug?"

Dr. Sutherland laughed.

"Your hugs are priceless treasures, of course, Patty," he said. "But just now I am in greater need of this hot coffee; and I can't have hugs and coffee at one and the same time."

(To be continued.)

Your Mission.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself, and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal
When, crowned with glory, men shall own
your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you are moved to pity for the earth
And long to aid it, do not look so high
You pass some poor dumb creature faint with
thirst.
All life is equal in the Eternal Eye.

If you would help to make the wrong things
right,
Begin at home! there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed out your garden, fair for all men's sight,
Before you strive to till another's soil.

God chooses His great leaders in the world,
And from the rest He asks but willing
hands,
As mighty mountains into place are hurled,
While patient tides may slowly shape the
sands.

Youth's Companion.

*Certainly the mistakes that we mortals make,
when we have our own way, might fairly raise
some wonder that we are so fond of it.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

Some Memories.

The following extracts are made from a volume by Robert Collyer bearing the above title, published by the American Unitarian Association:—

"As I glance backward to my childhood, the memory comes clear as if it was yesterday, of a happy day when some good soul had given me a big George the Third penny, and I must needs go and spend it forthwith, or, as my mother used to say, it would burn a hole in my pocket. There was only one store in our hamlet, and there I must go. I had quite made up my mind what I would buy. I dearly loved what we call candy,—do still; and there it was, the sort I would buy, in the window. But close to the jar there was a tiny book, and I can still read the title 'The History of Whittington and his Cat. William Walker, Printer.' Price, one penny. I gave up the candy and bought the book. And now, when I am in London and go up Highgate Hill to see a dear friend, I always halt to look at the stone on which the small boy sat when the bells rang him back again to become lord mayor of London.

"Does some reader say, Why should you touch this incident? And I answer, I have a library now of about three thousand volumes, and in all these years have had to forego a sight of 'candy' in many guises to get them; but in that first purchase lay the spark of a fire which has not yet gone down to white ashes, the passion which grew with my growth to read all the books in the early years I could lay my hands on, and in this wise prepare me in some fashion for the work I must do in the ministry."

"And now I will return to note that the spark struck out on the day when I bought the tiny book at prime cost was not as a fire enfolding itself, to be no more seen or heard of. It must have started a fire in my nature which has not yet burned down to white ashes; for, when I had learned to read to some purpose, I see myself in a far-away cottage reading, as I may truly say in my case, for dear life. There was a small store of books in our home, and among them Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and Goldsmith's histories of England and Rome. These I may say I almost got by heart. The rest were religious books: they did not suit me, so I let them hang on the shelf—more's the pity, do you say? And I answer I am not so sure about that, because I think it was then I must have found the germ in those I did read of my lifelong instinct for the use of simple Saxon words and sentences which has been of some worth to me in the work I was finally called to do."

"And I still remember how I would climb up to the moor on Sunday afternoons in the pleasant summertime with some book—I always went to the old church in the morning—sit down on one great gray crag to read a chapter and to watch the sunshine ripple over the heather like a great translucent sea, and listen to the music of the bells in the dark old tower at Haworth meet and mingle with the music from the tower of our own church below where the Longfellows worshipped through some centuries of time. Then something I had read would set me thinking and talking back, as we say, with no audience but the moor sheep looking up in wonder as they fed."

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.



Photo by H. L. Meigs.

WRITING TO THE BEACON CLUB.

This is Boys' Day in our club. We are glad to give place to-day to boys' letters in this number of our paper, in which we are telling of the worthy life of a very noble and sweet-souled man. The picture of Dr. Collyer which we publish might stand as a type of old age in its most attractive form. It seems as if he might be saying to every one of our boy readers:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made."

The story of his life, as this number of our paper tells it, ought to be helpful to the writer of our first letter.

NOTTINGHAM, N.H.

THANKSGIVING DAY, November 28.

Dear Editor of the Beacon,—I am ever so interested in *The Beacon* paper, can I join the Beacon Club? There isn't any Sunday school here or any kind of church; but over a year ago somebody that is good sent *The Beacon* paper to me. Mamma and I like it ever and ever so much, because the stories and things we read sound as if they were really true, and they make us feel nice. Our school closes in three weeks for good till April. I have no boys to play with, and it is lonesome. I was twelve in September. A kind lady in Waverley, Mass., sends me the *Youlk's Companion*. Oh, it is great fun to read those stories! I wish you would let the kind lady know how much I enjoyed it. And also the person who sends *The Beacon* to me. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me. Mamma and

I thank you many, many times. I hope I can join the Beacon Club.

Now good-bye from

ARTHUR C. SHERBURNE.

Make companions of good papers and good books, Arthur. It will help you to feel less lonely. We welcome you as a member of our club. There is no fee.

Will some of our boys and girls who want to carry out our club principle of helpfulness write to Arthur to make him feel that he "belongs"?

The next letter pleases the Editor very much. It is attractive in appearance and well expressed.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Second Unitarian Sunday School in Brookline, Mass. We are having as the subject of our lessons, "Choosing and Having." I think they are very interesting. Some of the Old Testament characters are given as examples. The aim of the lessons is to cultivate right choice.

I think the motto, "Let Your Light Shine," given in to-day's *Beacon*, is an appropriate one.

I should like to read another story by Arthur S. Wilbur, who wrote, "The Place that Jerry Won." (November 17 and 24.)

Success to the Beacon Club!

Very sincerely yours,

C. H. BROWN.

Our club *will* be a success if our readers continue to take as much interest in it as they are now doing.

How Ted Shared.

Ted was cross. That very morning, when he found the ground all covered with snow, he had sat down to the breakfast table feeling that it would not do him any good any way. "For you see, papa, I haven't a sled, so it isn't any fun at all without one," he said.

Papa laughed. "Well, Ted, we must see about that. A snowstorm without a sled would be a good deal like a mince pie without any mince. How much will a sled cost me?" he asked.

This was encouraging.

"I can get a beauty for two dollars!" cried Ted, eagerly. So after breakfast he started for town as fast as he could go, with his shining silver dollars tightly squeezed in his hand.

On the way he stopped in for his intimate friend Ned, who lived in a small house with so many children in it that Ted used always to think of the old woman who lived in a shoe. But they were the happiest family you ever saw, which was fortunate; for, if they had quarrelled, it would have been so much harder for the little house to hold them.

"Have you a sled yet, Ned?" asked Ted, as they tramped down the road.

"Not yet," answered Ned, cheerfully.

"I did earn a dollar to get one, but Mamie needed shoes just then."

It did not take long to buy the sled, and then, as it was Saturday, they went to the hill to try it. But some way Ted did not enjoy it as he thought he would. And, when he came home, he sat down before the grate

(Continued on page 60, column 2.)

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.
In packages to schools, 25 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail
matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

A blacksmith's anvil in a church! You would not expect to find it there, would you? You would look for it in a blacksmith's shop, or where Longfellow saw it when he wrote

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,"

and described the ringing blows he struck on his anvil.

No one plays an "anvil chorus" on the one that is in the church. It stands near the pulpit in Unity Church, Chicago, to remind all who worship there of the famous minister of that church, Dr. Robert Collyer, who once made horseshoes on that very anvil in Yorkshire, England.

Probably Robert's father thought that he was going to make a famous blacksmith of him, instead of a famous minister. He wanted him to be able to earn a living by learning to do some one thing well. But God had given the young man great gifts, and there was in his heart a warm tenderness and sympathy for all who toil and suffer.

He began to speak as a Methodist "local preacher" while still working at the forge. Soon he found that he could not teach some of the doctrines of that church. Then it was that he found his church home with the Unitarians, and became minister of Unity Church, Chicago, in the days before the great fire. He spoke with short, simple words, so that children as well as grown people liked to hear him. He was famous in two continents, but he never forgot that he had been a workingman, and he spoke often of his skill in making horseshoes. To show that he had not forgotten the trade he learned as a boy, he made a horseshoe which is now treasured in Cornell University, as evidence of the hand-work skill of the blacksmith preacher.

Some one who loved him went to Yorkshire, England, and found there the anvil on which Robert Collyer learned his trade. It was brought to this country and presented to Unity Church, because from that pulpit he had spoken the words which made him the most widely known and best loved minister in the Middle West. Afterward he preached for thirty years in the Church of the Messiah, New York.

The picture on the first page shows the gracious smile with which he welcomed children and made them love him. Every child who reads about him will want to remember him and read his books. The blacksmith preacher of England and America was a worthy follower of the carpenter preacher of Galilee and Jerusalem. Both of them hallowed toil, loved working people and children, and so spoke to them of God's love and forgiveness that the common people heard them gladly.

(Continued from page 59.)

fire and fell into a brown study. And, it must be confessed, it was not a good-natured one, either.

"What is it, Ted?" asked mother, after she had heard two or three long sighs.

"I do wish everybody was rich. You see, Ned gave up his sled to buy shoes for Mamie, and I'm such an old stingy I never thought of buying him a dollar one and one for me, too. And it just took all the fun out of it when I was riding to have Ned up there waiting for his turn, with his hands in his tight pockets—they're always too little. And, now I've used the sled, I don't s'pose they'd take it back."

"I think I could arrange that if you would really like to, dear," said mother.

Another struggle went on in Ted's mind.

"I think it would be nice for papa to give him two dollars for one, don't you?" he said at last.

"No, I don't, dear. I believe you will enjoy a cheaper sled better if you take it for Ned's sake," answered mother.

"Well, I'll try it," said Ted. So he took the sled and note from mamma down town; and, when he came in again, his eyes were like stars. "You're right, mother," he said. "She goes like a top. And Ned is as happy as I am."

"So am I," whispered mother.

L. E. CHITTENDEN, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Sleigh.

Heigh-oh! for a night of snow,
Ho! for a great moon crossed,
With branches bare in the crystal air,
When the greenwood path is lost
In the magic white of the winter night,
With the star-lighted hoar-frost.

Ho hey! for a wooden sleigh
Set on a hilltop, oh!
With bells that shake as we flash at break-
Neck speed to the dell below,
Till the frozen wind is left behind,
With the pine trees in a row.

And "Hi! hi!" to us skimming by
The people shout afar;
And market folk, in their bonnets poke,
Skip where the safe banks are;
Our rushing sleigh is worse, they say—
Oh! worse than a motor car!

But on, on, we are flashed and gone,
As swift as a sleigh may go,
And a giddy turn, by the frozen burn,
Will toss us out below;
And that's the joke of the market folk,
To see us roll in the snow;
A merry joke for the market folk,
A merry fall in the snow.

FLORENCE HARRISON.

Snow.

The fairy plantations of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below;
I sit and list, I list in vain to hear
The feathery footfall of the falling snow.
No sound, save now and then a muffled leaf
And muffled wheel. And, in the silence, lo,
I sit and worship 'neath my whitening roof!
The world keeps Sabbath for the falling
snow.

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

The Book Table.

Fairs and Fêtes. By Caroline French Benton. A very useful volume for the busy women who are devising ways of raising money for church, hospital, play-ground, or other institution. The entertainments are grouped according to their fitness for the seasons, beginning with the autumn. There are ample descriptions of outdoor fêtes, indoor sales and bazaars conducted on novel lines, and entertainments and parties for young and old. The jaded manager of a church fair would do well to secure this book, in which many new and attractive ways of doing the old things are suggested. The book is attractive, with colored cover and several illustrations.

[Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston.
Tall 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.35 net.]

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 10, 7, 3, 4, 8, is a bird.
My 9, 13, 11, 6, 4, 5, is a relation.
My 1, 2, 12, 14, is a flower.
My whole is a famous book.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of thirteen letters and am the name of a well-known man.

My 9, 6, 12, 6, 10, 11, and 2, is a general.
My 13, 10, 1, 11, 12, and 13, is a runaway.
My 1, 4, 6, 2, 6, 8, and 7 is not worth much.
My 9, 10, 6, 11, and 13, is large, vast.
My 13, 10, and 3 is what we should all do.
My 5, 2, and 3 is cunning.

The Church Standard.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In *James*, but not in *Robert*.
In *beau*, but not in *belle*.
In *light*, but not in *dark*.
In *listen*, but not in *hark*.
In *revolution*, but not in *war*.
In *Turkish*, but not in *Bulgarian*.
In *Beacon*, but not in *paper*.
In *sofa*, but not in *couch*.
In *candle*, but not in *light*.
In *husband*, but not in *wife*.
In *Salem*, but not in *Lynn*.
In *Saturday*, but not in *Sunday*.
My whole was a great leader.

ROBERT C. LITCHFIELD.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and am a synonym for mental trouble.
Change my head, and I am to have courage.
Again, and I am to travel.
Again, and I am to cut off.
Again, and I am scarce.
Again, and I am an abatement of weight.

H. A. J.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XXI.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
ENIGMA XXII.—Christmas Tree.
RIMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Madam.
A DIAMOND.—

H
S E A
H E A R T
A R K
T

A PUZZLE IN FRACTIONS.—O-r-an-ge.
HOMONYMS.—Tale, tail. Hair, hare. Peace, piece.
Cannon, canon.
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Breckenridge.